

A FIGHT

FOR MILLIONS.

By JOHN J. MCGINNIS.

He laughed. It was a hearty one, but so sudden that it startled himself. He stood silent a few minutes, thinking whether or not his utterance had been as clear as his musical enunciation—it was musical, for his vocal chords had been trained by elocutionary art, and they seemed in harmony at all times, even in moments of greatest excitement.

"It is all right," he said to himself reassuringly. "No one will ever catch me telling how I know the history and acquired wealth that should be hers. All the papers are destroyed, so she has not a living relative and her property is all mine, and all mine by law. Just to think that her father's \$50,000 investment in farm lands 21 years ago is worth millions today! Well, maybe I ought to marry Isabel, after all."

There are many men in public life today who think more of appropriating public funds to their own uses, and yet in private matters they are scrupulously honest. They would not touch a penny, metaphorically speaking, elbow deep into the city treasury, but wrong an individual they will not hesitate to do.

Raymond was not so sensitive as this, but the enormity of his injustice to the girl had been too much for him. He never likely to relinquish his design, but he was moved by the beauty, the accomplishments and the high position of his victim. He had unconsciously been driven into a new field of philosophical speculation. Money, in his eyes, stood for everything. Others could have placed here his sought profit. As he himself lived, he judged his neighbors, and gold was to him a talisman to soothe away all pain. It might be such to others. Would he share his wealth with her, and in this way make atonement? Such a thought, possibly, prompted him to conclude his soliloquy with the remark:

"I'll think it over."

CHAPTER III.

A STAR IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

The loud voice which rang the alarm of fire in the office of the Breckinridge Daily Eagle had struck 12—the hour of midnight. The office is not the worst of the paper has been pictured it—the traditional site of sanctum sanctorum lifting it to a dignity in public imagination. Money, in his eyes, stood for everything. Others could have placed here his sought profit. As he himself lived, he judged his neighbors, and gold was to him a talisman to soothe away all pain. It might be such to others. Would he share his wealth with her, and in this way make atonement? Such a thought, possibly, prompted him to conclude his soliloquy with the remark:

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The plate glass windows of the building, facing the city hall, were covered with gilt letters. The handles on the massive front doors are oxidized. The counters in the ladies' room are polished mahogany, and the railings from the cashier's desk to that of the advertising clerk are of a dark, beautiful design, and shining almost like gold. Round the walls are elegant tapestries, so artistic and so well made, so neatly arranged that they seem to be the original masterpieces of which they are but copies.

Let us look behind the partition, running from floor to ceiling, that separates the richly decorated business office from the editorial and reportorial rooms, and shut out from them light and air. The rich drapes of the newspaper's Chanderlin turn in and out, revealing the desk of a man who was in the habit of writing a long, beautiful design, and shining almost like gold. Round the walls are elegant tapestries, so artistic and so well made, so neatly arranged that they seem to be the original masterpieces of which they are but copies.

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editor, who had overheard Laurence's criticism, "when you finish that, I want to see you."

"All right," he responded.

Mangan went to his desk, and the paragraph of telegraphic matter in less than half an hour was an article on a reader of The Bugle would overlook. It reviewed the origin of the movement, in which The Bugle played a prominent part, suggested the probable features of the new paper, outlined the prospects of pleasure and comfort, and many little details of the system that might stir young and old into blithful anticipation. "enjoyment, until, as Goldsmith said:

Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom
With smiles and desire that asked but little room,
Those heavenly moments that grace the peace
Lived in each look and brightened all the scene."

The article was finished, the head written, and after he had placed it on the desk of the night editor Mangan stepped into the office of the editorial chief, whose desk was covered with proofs which he had been reading.

"I heard your criticism of Raymond," the managing editor began. "I think you have not flattered him. Now, I want you to follow up this matter, go to the bottom of it, hunt up all the records, and whether or not your suspicions about Raymond are confirmed give us a page story, and I'll have an artist illustrate it. It is subject of a deal that the commission might run it on a Sunday, just as soon as you can get it ready."

"I don't care to do it," said Mangan.

"Why?"

"I was going to ask leave of absence tomorrow for an indefinite period, and the going was to be to the editorial office, where I was to be assigned."

"What is the matter?" he was asked.

"I am going to leave on private business. It is imperative."

"We've always treated you supremely well. You are going to leave?"

"Yes, I was due, of course, but here, in a matter of great importance, right in the middle of the season."

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any of any day Raymond might improve. He had been named as registrar of arrests because he was a member of the law."

To be sure, Raymond's sister had been named as registrar of arrests because he was a member of the law."

"It's not my business, of course," mildly suggested Mortimer. "But none of the land to be appraised is yours, is it?"

"My dear fellow," said Raymond, "don't worry! None of the land is mine—yet."

"It is some of the land you hold through tax sale certificates?"

"What if it is?"

"This," said Mortimer. "Some years ago you had the law passed. Property owners did not pay taxes promptly. The law is now in force, and the property is sold at auction to private individuals just for the taxes. To redeem it, the owner must pay to the man who purchased the land and the buildings thereon, if any, for the taxes."

"I see."

"Now under that law you have bought, or others have bought for you, and legally secured to you, many blocks of real estate. Some of the blocks will never be claimed. If these blocks are not claimed, they will be sold."

"Mangan will say so, will he not?"

"I am sure," said Raymond, "in a second Heller; he can see in all directions."

"I seem to me," remarked Raymond, "that you have been badly scared. You forget that under the law the city has no power to condemn in the office of the registrar of deeds in the county, where Mangan will turn his face. You are simply the victim of a trick."

"What you know is not all of a matter of official record."

"You judge the world harshly."

"Harshly? You do not know it. Even you, in whose life there is nothing of the cruel, cannot escape criticism."

"Why, yes. It is possible that you have never been so cruel to a creature that I have seen and heard—about but little in society—the envy of designations and titles."

"That isn't so, is it?" she queried, regret and alarm starting into her attitude that was winsome.

"Never mind," said Raymond sympathetically. "It is to be expected, and their fears are proof that their judgment is better than their manners."

"You are jesting," said Isabel, surprised at his speech. "Every one knows that you are a man of high character and high position."

"I assure you, Frank," for Mortimer so called him when the warmth of conversation demanded a more familiar address, "I was looking after your interests; that was all."

"I know it," was the reply indignantly. "I was looking after the personal allusions had not undermined the confidence reposed in him."

"I'll go home now," said Mortimer, arising.

"Wait a minute," said Raymond. "I am acquainted with Isabel Le-Clair, is she not?"

"I think I have heard her mention the name of the Le-Clair family."

"Look here, Philip," and Raymond threw the stump of his Havana into the fire. "I have heard her mention the name of the Le-Clair family."

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"Well, well!" laughed Raymond. "Who would ever think he is such a dreamer?"

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PAY THE CASH.

Merchants Are Discarding the Ways of Their Fathers and Getting Out of Ruts.

The Credit System is Going and Business is Approaching A Cash Basis.

BETTER FOR EVERYBODY.

Among the many reforms that the present condition of affairs is making necessary is the one forcing merchants and other business men out of the old-time credit-system rut and bringing them down to the point of doing business strictly on a cash basis.

Several merchants in Breckenridge county have recently adopted this plan, and at the present time, it seems to be working smoothly, to the mutual benefit of tradesmen and customers. There are several good reasons why the cash system is the best for all parties, and in connection with this thought, we quote from a circular that one of the reformed firms has recently issued to its patrons:

"There are arguments advanced in favor of the credit system, but the time has arrived when these arguments find lodgment only in the ears of him who refuses to progress, of the 100 percent, of him who is satisfied to do business as his father did, it seems not to realize that strides of advancement have been made in every department and avenue of life, and that he who fails to keep pace with this tide of progress and advancement, is soon lost in the struggle, tramped under foot in the rush for success which he never achieves, and soon he is buried beneath the smothering embers of his own ruin, from which he never rises.

He who runs a credit business, invariably loses accounts that can never be collected, it matters not how careful he may be in selecting those to whom he will credit. Some could pay who will not, and others would pay but can not, and in either case the man who credits them is the one on whom the burden falls. The result is the same to him, he is ruined, he realizes this, and in self defense increases the price of the goods to offset this loss. All merchants who do a credit business, make those who do pay their accounts, also pay the debts of those who cannot or will not pay. They do this, as before stated, by an increase in the profits on their goods. We do not deny having done this in the past, and we were compelled to do it by the detestable, ruinous and iniquitous system of credit.

The man who is out of debt is the only man who can feel perfectly independent and happy content. Did you ever think, dear friends, that it is just as easy to live a year behind your income, as it is to live a year ahead of it, if you do not do it? And, oh, how much better you will feel, how much more independent and free, try it and you will feel the truth of what we say. You have got in the habit of living in debt, and you think you can't live any other way, but you can.

Now, in conclusion, we want to say that we have taken this step, because we believe it to be a progressive step, a step in the right direction; and, friends, if you differ with us, we recognize the fact that you have a right to do so, and have no quarrel to make with you on that account."

Don't Delay.

It is your duty to yourself to get rid of the foul accumulation in your blood this spring. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to purify, vitalize and enrich your blood. That tired feeling which affects nearly every one in the spring is driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great spring medicine and blood purifier.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with everyone who tries them.

The Ogleby Cemetery.

There is a move being made to clean up and fence the Ogleby cemetery, situated near the south-western limits of the city. This cemetery is in a beautiful spot, and it contains many remains of the older citizens of Cloverport, whose descendants still reside among us. The stones that mark the resting place of these, our fathers and mothers, who have gone before us, are decaying and falling down, simply for the want of proper care and attention. The fence around the yard has been destroyed by fire, and the graves are exposed to the tread and depredations of cattle and other stock. Mr. E. B. Ogleby says that if those who have relatives resting there should fence the cemetery and show a disposition to take care of it, that he will leave an open road through his farm leading to it, and now he is prepared to build a cheap, but durable iron fence around it, not to cost over \$75, and straighten up the stones and monuments for future preservation. All persons who have relatives buried there and who wish to have their last resting place cared for should communicate with either Marion Hamilton, Chas. May or E. B. Ogleby, and state to what extent they wish to help.

"Well, now," said an old farmer when his cow had kicked him, the milk stool and the pail in different directions, "that's the worst fault this cow's got."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she became teething, she cried for Castoria. When she became Wormy, she cried for Castoria. When she had Colic, she cried for Castoria. When she had Stomach Trouble, she cried for Castoria.

PRESTON.

John Parr, of Kansas is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Lucy Brown is convalescent from a recent illness.

Miss Ella May Allen contemplates visiting friends in Louisville soon.

Our young folks have a fishing party in contemplation for the near future.

Miss Maud Flaherty has returned from a brief visit to relatives near Knoxville.

Rev. Winfield preached to an attentive congregation at the school house last Sunday.

Miss Ida Wheeler gave a select social at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Parrie Barr last Saturday night.

Mrs. Eva Brashear is considerably better and her friends entertain hopes of her ultimate recovery.

Miss Lena Gulland is wearing an elegant plain gold band ring on the third finger of her left hand. What does that signify?

Miss Ella Flaherty, Tommie Brown, Messrs. Eliza Baugher and W. T. Allen were the guests of Miss Deeds Brown last Sunday week.

S. J. Brashear has demolished his two-story dwelling and moved his family thither last week. Samuel Bassett has put in a good word for him. Mr. O'Bryan is a most exemplary young man and his county has good reason to be proud of him. We hope the citizens of Meade Breckenridge will not fail to do him and not let him regret having invested his dollars in a paper devoted to their interests. The writer has been interested in the Messenger both as a contributor to its columns and as a reader of its editors ever since it has been a paper and we most heartily wish it unparalleled success.

Oh! Sirroco, you don't know how you hurt us by your malignancy of the "little ones" last week. We know that it is an accepted fact that most "old bachelors" and "old maids" are averse to children, but we are grieved to find that you, of that class, can not really believe that you begrudge your portion of the school tax and that your protestations against the advancement of education were sincere. And the epithet "little ones" was just terrible; you should remember that you were a child once your self (at least a child-haven been for the last few years) and that you have been upon earth and that he said "Suffer little children to come unto me for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." If you had ever had such little children, you would care for them and try to call you "papa" we do not think you would be so bitter against children. Now, we'll admit that there is but little traction about an unkept, neglected child, but we should entertain feelings of sympathy towards it; the parents are responsible for the appearance and welfare of that child. Now Sirroco, don't think we are trying to "pick a fight" with you, for such is not the case, we only want to soften your feelings toward the "little ones." All children are dear to us, for the sake of one bright little one (now beyond the skies) and we can not bear to hear them slightly spoken of. No one admires your writings more than I, and I hear them praised on all sides they are not too deep for the understanding of the masses nor too superficial to be simple and we tender you this bit of advice: be a more friendly spirit, be kind and cultivate your acquaintance at Ekron, as we believe she is there who can melt your crusty heart and transform you into a genial, domestic man. She is very anxious to have an old bachelor "round about" in these house cleaning days and you might get a job. She is worth winning and I say to you, "Go at it right and go in to win with my best wishes for your success."

While Mr. T. J. Richey, of Alabama, Mo. was traveling in Kansas he was taken violently ill with cholera morbus. He called at a drug store to get some medicine and the druggist recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy so highly he concluded to try it. The result was immediate relief, and a few doses cured him completely. It is made for bowel complaints and nothing else. It never fails. For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, Ky. and Kincheloe, Meador & Co., Hardinsburg, Ky.

McQUADY

Miss Annie Wheatley was visiting her aunt at Jolly last week.

Miss Alice Bevin was the guest of her cousin, Miss Eva Potts last Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Maggie Bevin was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Lizzie Potts, a few days last week.

Misses Ella Pate and Eva Potts were the guests of Misses Mollie and Essie Mings last Tuesday.

Misses Julia and Mattie Coomes, of Kirk, were the guests of their cousin, Miss Clara Crow last week.

Mr. Horace Bland and wife were the guests of her mother, Mrs. McClure at Hardinsburg one day last week.

Messrs. David and Emmet McClure were the guests of their mother, Mrs. Horace Bland, a few days last week.

A student at a medical college was under examination. The instructor asked him:

"Of what cause, specifically, did the people who lost their lives in the destruction of Hercules' ship and Pompeii?"

"I think they died of an eruption, sir," answered the student.

HE WENT BELOW.

Major McKinley Applies at the Gates of Heaven and Is Inter-viewed by Saint Peter.

They Have Protection There Where the Unprotected Are Protected Against Their Oppressors.

HE DWELLS WITH DIVES.

Under supervision of St. Peter, some scores of cherubs were sifting the rusty locks of heaven's gates. There had not been many visitors of late, and the old doorkeeper had almost thrown his arm out of place the last time he unlocked the portals. On this side of the gates the streets were worn into deep ruts from constant travel, but on the other side the grass grew up between the golden bricks. Another lot of cherubs were burning the jewels and gold forming the portals of the inner gates. Old St. Peter sat, dozing in his big arm-chair, when he was suddenly aroused by a knocking at the door.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"Major McKinley, of Ohio."

"Are you the governor of that State?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are the author of the McKinley bill, too, I suppose?"

"I confess I am."

"What was your object, Major, in making that bill?"

"Protection."

"Protection? I don't understand you, sir. Please explain, yourself."

"His object and scope was to protect the American manufacturer from foreign cheap labor."

"How did you prevent this?"

"By putting heavy duties on the foreign product."

"Did this make the manufacturer sell his wares cheaper?"

"I don't believe it did."

"Did he pay his laborers higher wages?"

"No, sir, but he did not lower them."

"Isn't it a fact, Major, that the manufacturer paid the price of his goods under your bill?"

"It may be so."

"Do you not know it to be so?"

"Yes. But I was only a weak mortal and our manufacturing people are very rich and powerful. I could not resist the temptation to labor for their money. May I come in?"

"Wait a moment, Major. You did not send your talents then, to benefit the poor?"

"I am sorry to state I believe not."

"And your labors as a Statesman have been for the luxuries of the few by the oppression of the many?"

"That's what President Cleveland, Roger C. Mills, Colonel Jones and Col. Watterston have said."

"That won't do, Major, answer my question. Did you or did you not?"

"I'm sorry to say I believe I did."

"Major, do you remember Dives?"

"I think I have read of him some where."

"He made his home with the rich?"

"Yes, sir."

"Dressed in purple and fine linen?"

"Yes, sir."

"And fared sumptuously every day?"

"Do you know he is now?"

"I have heard that he is in hell."

"That's where he is now. You sought the friendship of the rich, did you not?"

"I am afraid I did."

"You framed what little enabled them to live in luxury?"

"That is what I have been accused of."

"Is it true or not?"

"I am afraid it is. But I've repented on my way here."

"Never mind that just now. These laws you framed—did they clothe the naked, feed the hungry, or heal the sick?"

"Did they not deprive the naked poor of comfortable clothing?"

"It is very likely."

"Did not your bill make every poor tenant of wretched goods cost the poor man a dollar?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the 60 cents went into the pocket of the rich manufacturer?"

"I suppose so."

"Major, I can't let you in."

"This is exceedingly painful intelligence. May I be permitted to inquire why not?"

"Certainly. We have protection here. We protect the unprotected from their oppressors."

"Then I may go?"

"Yes, indeed, Gabriel will conduct you to your future home in the company of Dives."—Gallipoli Bulletin

"A wolf in sheep's clothing"—the substitute offered by the "cutter" as being just as good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If you don't want to be bitten, insist upon having Ayer's Sarsaparilla, even if it is a little dearer. Depend on it, it will be cheaper for you in the end.

STEPHENSPOUR.

Weather bright after a week's rain.

The public grave yard has a new fence, wire from

C. F. Hartford held services in the M. E. Church, Sunday.

Mrs. C. Best and son Christie, spent a day last week, in Louisville.

C. C. Perigo, of Cloverport, spent Sunday with his mother and sister.

Mr. J. H. Harrison is having a line barn erected near the Phoenix line kiln and rock quarry.

I think it a mistake about Owen Cunningham's nerve being shaken over the Democratic primary.

Charles Wellington has sold out his business to M. Blain, and Kirby Blain now amply stands the counter behind.

W. H. Dawson will hold services in the Baptist church, Saturday and Sunday evenings, and Sunday morning will preach the funeral of the late Jas. E. Hill.

Mrs. Little, Mrs. Morse and Mr. Tom Brinkley, Jr., who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jake Brinkley, returned to their home in Louisville, this week, accompanied by Mrs. Brinkley.

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Important Announcement

TO THE READERS OF—

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

We have made arrangements with the publishers of

"OUR OWN COUNTRY"

To supply the consecutive weekly parts of this great serial at

Only 10 CENTS and One Coupon per Number!

The publisher's price is 25 cents, but we are determined to give the readers of the "BRECKENRIDGE NEWS" the same advantages that are offered by the large city dailies, and accordingly, at considerable sacrifice on our part, we have arranged to supply "OUR OWN COUNTRY" on the above terms.

The First Coupon will be Published next Week. Look out for it!

Now save your coupons and dimes, for we have just what you want: "OUR OWN COUNTRY," represented in more than

500 Splendid & Wonderful Photographs & Descriptions

The grandest and most beautiful thing you ever saw. Published in 20 consecutive numbers for only 10 cents each. First number ready next week.

Every family in America wants and needs "OUR OWN COUNTRY," and it is a splendid present to send to your friends across the ocean.

It is the Story of Our Country and It's People.

It is America Photographed, Reflected, Pictured and Described from Alaska to Florida and from Maine to Texas. It is not all scenery, nor all Houses and Streets, but it is America as you would see it Reflected in a Mirror.

EVERYTHING IN AMERICA AND AMERICA IN EVERYTHING.

History, Geography, Scenic Wonders, Famous Places, Glorious Landscapes; Everything about America, American Scenery, American Homes and Home Life, Celebrated Historical Localities, the Indians and their Surroundings, Wild Western Scenes, Character Sketches Photographed, Our Great Battlefields and their Monuments, Homes of Celebrated People, Places where Great Events have occurred in Our Country's History; Wonderfully and Gloriously Beautiful Beyond All Conception.

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Majestic Mountains, Roaring Cataracts, Waterfalls more Wonderously Beautiful than a Poet's Dream, Bewildering Canyons, Charming Valleys, Picturesque Lakes, Famous Geyser, Spouting Fountains, Grinding Glaciers, Expansive Prairies, Evergreen Forests Scented with the Pineapple and the Orange; Everything that is Necessary to Compose a Complete and Splendid

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